

For the mornings your fingers are shaking too hard to call me, or your mother, or
anyone else

Remember that every second you are scared is just another opportunity to be brave. I hope you swallow the fear and taste nothing but your own courage. You are not trembling- you are shaking with the thunder of your own voice. Even the sky does this; don't worry. Don't call this a forest fire, call it fertilizer. Call it making way for new growth. You are not crying- this isn't a flood, this is spring and you are your mother's garden. You have to burn a few candles to make any wishes. So take a deep breath. Your lungs still work, I promise. Your heart didn't stop, it fell asleep and dreamed it was falling. Falling in love, falling into place. It's excited. This is exciting. Who cares if it's dark? Have you ever seen the stars? The sun will shine again and so will you, but for now, set every disappointment on fire and light your own way. There is a way. You'll find it, I promise. I know.